A Better Kind of Breakfast

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26427973.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, First Time, Smut, Smitten Hannibal, Jealous Hannibal, Wrestling in Bed, Idiots in Love, Knife Play, Possessiveness, Light Dom/sub, Dom Will Graham, They flip at first, But Hannibal is a bottom in the end, Oneshot, Medical Inaccuracies, Scar Play, Choking, Don't copy to another site, Daddy Kink, Will calls Hannibal a boy, Not negotiated or safe but consensual, pure filth, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Top Will Graham, Vulnerability, Soft Hannibal Lecter, Murder Husbands, Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 25 of Hannigram Oneshots
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-12 Words: 4,287 Chapters: 1/1

A Better Kind of Breakfast

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal makes breakfast for Will but is surprised when he enters the bedroom - Will is naked. In the heat of the moment ensuing from the conversation, breakfast is sacrificed to gravity but they sate their hunger in a different way. Will leaves his marks on Hannibal.

Notes

Hi!

Long time, no read. I'm back with a one-shot. This was written in an attempt to keep writing (still stuck on the other stories). I am so happy to have accomplished this at least - it took two months to get this done, though - and hope you enjoy it :)

APastandFutureNerd

Hannibal poured the exquisite, steaming coffee, made from the finest Arabica coffee beans, into the white mug with the golden rim and transferred the florentine eggs he had prepared on a plate that matched the cup. He spread some chives over the eggs to put the last finish on them. Hannibal brought it into the spacious dining room, along with his breakfast and their mugs of coffee and orange juice, then waited for a moment.

Usually, Will came downstairs to join him but today he didn't. Maybe Will was sick? Hannibal mused he should check on him. He returned to the kitchen, rummaged in one of the drawers of the kitchen cabinet. Having found something to transport the meals, he closed the drawer, then placed the meals, the cups of coffee, and two glasses of fresh orange juice on the tray.

Equipped with the breakfast he had just prepared with all his love and passion, Hannibal walked up the spiraling stairs at a slow, careful pace, then strolled through the long corridor up to the end where Will's bedroom was located. Having put the tray on the floor for a moment, Hannibal knocked at the door twice.

"Will, are you awake? Are you decent? Can I come in?"

"Mornin'. Yeah, I'm dressed. Come in", Will answered. His voice was a little rough from sleep. Hannibal opened the door carefully, picked up the tray, then entered the room. At the sight of Will lounging naked in the bed like Adonis, his back propped up against the headboard, legs spread wide to give Hannibal a good look at his morning wood, he nearly dropped the food to the ground.

A wave of arousal rushed through Hannibal's body. It made him tremble slightly and lose his calm composure. His cheeks burned uncomfortably. Hannibal was sure to have a quite decent shade of red on his face now and he quickly looked away like a shy boy to not give Will a reason to empathize with him. "Sorry, Will", Hannibal murmured, fighting with temptation. "I'll just leave your breakfast here and wait until you're dressed."

Will's eyebrows shot up in amusement. He let out a little chuckle as he noticed Hannibal's composure slowly falling apart.

"What's the matter, *Doctor* , never seen a man naked before? Come on, you have undressed me some times already."

At the taunt and reminder of their past, Hannibal pressed his lips tightly together and strolled over to the ancient mahogany three-drawer nightstand. He placed the tray down, trying hard not to give in to the temptation presented in front of him. Instead, he directed his attention to every movement of his hands to ensure the tray stood on the table without running danger of falling and spilling its content to the floor.

"In fact, I did. That was something different entirely. I never had a closed look at your body. You're heterosexual and I'm bisexual, so there are differences in the perception of a naked man", Hannibal replied, his gaze still averted. He straightened his upper body, intending to

leave the chamber quickly again as his cock pressed uncomfortably against the front of his slacks. It was not his intention to force himself on Will.

“Enjoy your breakfast”, Hannibal added in a flat tone, fighting hard to keep his eyes away from Will’s seducing body.

When he turned on his heels to leave the room, he had just taken a few steps, Will crouched to the end of the bed and grabbed him by his wrist.

“No, please stay with me, Hannibal”, he purred, letting out his Louisiana drawl on purpose to seduce his cannibal friend.

Hearing this seductive plead uttered in this very enthralling accent and irresistible voice, Hannibal’s heart accelerated which was very unusual as it usually never sped did, not even during the killing and butchering his victims.

Hannibal gazed at the younger man in confusion.

“I don’t understand. I thought you said..”

“C’me here, Hannibal”, Will purred in his wonderful velvet voice and batted his eyelashes in the most alluring way. He dragged his body to his right and made space for his partner in crime. ”

Hannibal instinctively complied, as if that was an order and he sat down next to his seducing siren. He could never resist the sassy, charming look on Will’s face.

Dampness clung to the bedsheets as he slumped into the sheets, a proof that Will had sweated a lot this night - probably caused by the climate but also because of his nightmares, Hannibal suspected. He opened his mouth but hesitated, ultimately swallowing the words again. Maybe he should inquire but not now.

“Your breakfast is getting cold”, Hannibal said instead to break the silence and deflect. “I made you Florentine eggs. A recipe dating back to the Renaissance-“

He bent over to fetch the breakfast tray from the nightstand, but Will grabbed him by his shoulder.

“Don’t deflect, Hannibal”, Will insisted. His face drew closer to his until his lips hovered above Hannibal’s, just like when they were standing at the bluff some months ago. “I may be heterosexual but you are my exception ”, he said and smiled at him with warm blue eyes. He leaned closer to Hannibal and broke the distance between them.

Hannibal swallowed and scrutinized him intently. His breathing came out ragged and labored; the erection between his legs was slowly becoming uncomfortable when he felt Will coming closer. He faked a smile to hide his insecurity.

“Craving me physically makes you bisexual nonetheless to a certain extent….”, Hannibal corrected him but his voice was about to waver and he trailed off. He fell silent when Will’s soft, enticing lips landed on his. Will’s unshaven stubble tickled Hannibal a little.

”I don’t care about labels, Hannibal. Do you?” Will whispered.

"No.”

”Then shut up.”

Will kissed him again. Thousands of butterflies stirred in Hannibal’s belly as Will granted him another kiss and he tasted his soft, sweet lips. Hannibal wished he hadn’t been a coward in the past. But now, after years of agony and pining, they were finally here at this point. Together and in love - spiritually and physically.

Hannibal allowed Will to explore his mouth with his tongue and yielded no resistance as Will shoved his tongue in and claimed his orifice first himself. He welcomed Will claiming him that thoroughly. Hannibal tasted the remainder of whiskey of last night and his slightly bitter morning breath but he loved everything of Will - even like that.

After some exchanges of careful, explorative kisses, their actions got more adventurous in their impatience. Hannibal moaned as Will bit into his lips and sucked some droplets of blood off them. Hannibal reciprocated it and bit back to have a taste of Will’s blood. Reciprocity was also a theme of their lovemaking - perhaps less brutal and murderous this time. His hands fisted a handful of the brown curls on the back of Will’s head.

Will’s hands nestled at the damp white short-sleeved shirt of Hannibal and tore it open. Some buttons sprung loose and scattered across the bed; a seam ripped beneath his armpits as Will forced him out of it. Both men did not care if the clothes were damaged or not in the process. Hannibal’s clothes went flying through the room as Will swiftly freed him of them with greedy, impatient, and ferocious hands until Hannibal lay naked and vulnerable on the bed.

Will’s eyes wandered over his beautiful body with hunger. His eyes devoured the attractive chest of Hannibal with the silver-grey hair, the defined pectorals, the luscious thighs, and his dark pink cock that curved upwards and strained against his little tummy. Taking in the delectable sight of his naked and quivering lover, Will’s blue eyes burned with lust. His own thicker and a little shorter cock leaked the first drops of precum. Eager as he was, he pressed Hannibal closer to the bed.

“Oh Will”, Hannibal panted against Will’s lips that were now painted with his own blood, too. His tongue shot out of his mouth and licked them away. “If you knew how long I have ached for this moment.”

“I know “, Will replied and sighed.“I’ve been thinking about you every time I had sex with Molly.”

It would have been better if Will hadn’t said that.

Feeling provoked by this mere mention of intimacy between Molly and Will, Hannibal growled possessively. His maroon eyes darkened and the tender expression in them changed to a murderous one. The jealous beast within him overwhelmed Hannibal in the spur of the moment. Enangered, he shoved Will back from him. Surprised by the sudden aggression, Will landed on his back.

Slipping back into his predator mode, Hannibal towered above him, pressed Will down, led his hands to Will's throat, and began to throttle him. Reckless, impulsive jealousy came over him.

"You're mine", Hannibal growled."Don't you dare mention her to me. "

"Goddammit Hannibal ", Will hissed, struggling to get some air. "It's over. I don't love her, you idiot! I am fuckin' here."

Fuelled by rage, Will managed to pull the hands that could be so deadly off his windpipe and managed to push Hannibal back, too. He wrestled with him on the bed. As they rolled around, the bed frame made a threatening noise as it wasn't the most stable one. Accidentally, Will's legs thrashed and hit the tray with breakfast. A loud crash announced that gravity had kicked in and that Hannibal's lovely breakfast was ruined. Neither Hannibal and Will bothered. They were busy with winning the fight on the bed.

Ultimately, after a lot of kicking and boxing and leaving bite marks and bruises on each other's bodies, Will won the little wrestling match in the bed, having recovered a lot better than Hannibal from the injuries and being in a better form as Hannibal couldn't train during his incarceration. He pinned Hannibal's hands over his head and straddled his lap. Hannibal gave in. He was exhausted, his chest heaving and falling quickly.

"Hannibal", Will panted, his eyes sparkling with anger." There's no reason for this tantrum. We are here together."

"Be good now", he ordered in a harsh tone. "Or I will leave you tied up." The storm raging in his blue eyes told Hannibal he would mean it the way he said it. Mesmerized by the authoritarian and angry tone in Will's voice, Hannibal immediately submitted to Will. He gave him a curt nod and remained still on the bed.

"Apologies, Will", he said softly and looked up to him with a vulnerable and, to Will's astonishment, an ashamed look in his maroon eyes. Tears shimmered in them. Will's face softened again as Hannibal presented his vulnerable side to him. "I am just so scared that you will abandon me again and-"

"Shh. I won't leave", Will calmed him in a soft, purring voice. He kissed the bruise marks he had left on Hannibal's arms and his chest and blew some air on it, making Hannibal chuckle in amusement and slightly furrowed his eyebrows. He observed what Will was doing to his bloody bruises and bruise marks with the greatest amusement.

"They won't heal faster that way", he remarked drily.

"I know", Will answered gently. "But saliva will help",'Will said. He licked away the blood rippling out of a little scratch wound on his chest and his belly.

Hannibal purred as Will's tongue wandered down his chest, further to the part where he desired Will's mouth to be. The sensation of his tongue on his skin gave Hannibal goosebumps. After a while, Will went further down and approached the abdominal area. He

caressed the healed entry wound with an almost reverent look on his face. He nosed the wound.

“This is your mark”, Hannibal said quietly. His maroon eyes grew pensive as he contemplated the evening on the cliff.

Will looked up to him as his fingers ghosted along with the scar tissue. He stopped for a moment.

“No...it is the Dragon‘s mark”, Will said darkly. His facial expression transformed into disapproval.

"By proxy”, Hannibal gave back.

“Does that bother you?”

Will’s hands then reached for Hannibal‘s wrists and looked at the lines where Matthew Brown had cut into and left two powerful scars that were still visible after all these years.

Will’s eyes flashed up again in possessiveness. He let go of Hannibal’s hand and touched his own forehead and the belly.

“The scars I wear are made by you. All the marks I left on you are made by proxy”, he began.

Hannibal’s lips curled into a smile. “And you do wish to change that and give me some more intimate scars as well?”

“Oh yes”, Will breathed. “I want to leave a mark on you that only has a certain meaning for us both.”

“Go on, then”, Hannibal said. “I believe we do have an assortment of sharp knives in the house. Be careful with the shards. Oh and bring back some lube from the drawer in my bedroom.

Will nodded and left the bed, careful not to step into the sharp pieces of the mugs and plates. He put on his slippers. Thinking of something, he halted at the doorstep and turned to Hannibal resting on the bed.

“Stay there. Don’t touch yourself”, Will said. “If not you won’t feel my mouth or cock in you today.”

Hannibal stayed on the bed as he was ordered to, even though he was not tied up. And he definitely wanted to feel Will’s mouth wrapped around his dick. He laid there, breathing in deeply to bear his throbbing erection.

Satisfied with Hannibal’s submissiveness, Will left the room. He went downstairs to search for the kitchen knives as well as some disinfectants.

Will came back with a set of knives, lube and medical supplies to disinfect the wounds.

“Good boy”, he purred in his voice as if he was talking to his dogs. He petted Hannibal’s silver-blonde hair. Hannibal pressed his head against Will’s hand.

“Turn around”, he ordered Hannibal.

Hannibal obeyed and laid flat on his belly, exposing his horrid Verger brand on his back. His hard cock pressed into the sheets but he didn’t make a complaint.

Will swallowed when he saw the brand on Hannibal’s back. If he had known earlier, maybe it would have changed some things.

“I’m sorry”, Will whispered. “If I’d have known..”

“Scars have the power to remind us that the past was real “, Hannibal said in a muffled voice. “As you surely know, Will.”

Will acknowledged this cheek and sharp remark with a sharp slap on his ass cheeks. He straddled Hannibal’s legs and knelt between them.

“I’m going to cut my initials into you”, Will explained and then grabbed the handle of the knife.

He led the knife towards Hannibal’s back until the sharp head of the knife sank into the first layer of skin.

“Ready?” Will asked softly.

“Ready”, Hannibal answered.

Will led the sharp knife with a careful hand and made the first cut on his upper back shortly beneath the shoulder blades and above the Verger brand.

Hannibal didn’t make a sound. Merely his muscles stiffened a little as the knife cut into the layer of his skin.

“You’re doing so well”, Will remarked as he continued to cut the large “*W* ” into the skin, before continuing with the letter “G”. Hannibal merely inhaled and exhaled sharply as long as Will worked at it but otherwise remained silent. Not a single pained groan escaped him.

When Will had finished, he admired his work. Two large, bloody letters graced his back. Blood seeped out of the cuts. Then he bowed down and followed the trail of blood on his back with his tongue and licked up everything.

He sure took his time doing so. Then all that was left to do was the disinfection of the wounds.

From the nightstand, Will fetched a cloth and the bottle with antibiotic ointment cream lying next to him to stop the bleeding and prevent bacteria from entering the cuts. He dabbed away the blood in a reverend way and rinsed the cloth throughly with water. When the wounds stopped bleeding, he added the cream on it.

Hannibal stirred impatiently and ground his cock against the sheet as he couldn't stand it any longer.

"Naughty, impatient boy", Will growled and slapped his ass with the flat palm of his hand. He sat down on Hannibal's ass to prevent him from moving. He bent forward and drew closer to Hannibal's ear. His other hand closed around his throat and choked him until Hannibal gulped for air. "What did I tell you, hm? Do you want to be tied up? Is this what you want? Being tied up and left unsatisfied?"

Hannibal shook his head and let out a little mewl as Will choked him.

"Good", Will grunted and released his grip from Hannibal's throat. Hannibal took a deep breath.

"Wanna get your reward?"

Hannibal tilted his head over his shoulder and nodded and turned over in the bed to lie flat on his back and spread his legs, ready for Will to blow him.

Will climbed back to the end of the bed with a knowing smirk tugging on his lips.

"Who would have known that you, the Chesapeake Ripper would submit to a rude, dog-loving behavioural analyst?"

"Ex-behavioural analyst. Indeed. Only because it's you, Will", Hannibal remarked. "But believe me, I can take charge, too if I want."

"Yes, I experienced the fatal attempt of you getting control over me myself. Now *I am* in charge."

This said, Will, resumed the action from what they were doing before knife play and took care of Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal let out a hiss. "You know what you're doing or do you need guidance?"

"I've watched some gay porn in the last few weeks and read some stuff ", Will admitted, blushing a little. "Picked up a few cues."

"Hope not the unrealistic ones", Hannibal gave back. "Sex in the shower never works, for example….ahh.."

A giant wave of unexpected joy flowed through Hannibal as Will worked at his cock at the same time. His whole body quivered.

Smirking, Will continued to tease his cock with slow strokes of his hand before lowering his head and wrapping his pink lips around the large head. Hannibal had no longer possessed any control over his body. The sensation was so much. He started rambling words in his mother tongue.

”Aš tave myliu...mylimasis…labai gerai ...ohh”, Hannibal panted when Will increased the intensity. “I cannot...put into... words...how good this feels.”

Tears welled up in his eyes again. So strong were the emotions within him. He bucked up his hips and thrust harder into Will’s mouth. Will gagged at first yet he quickly adjusted to the sensation. His eyes signaled to Hannibal that he could go on faster. Hannibal fucked his mouth harder.

His left hand grabbed the sheets and he squelched the damp silk in his hands as Will moved his head faster. With the other hand, he gently patted Will‘s cheeks covered with his growing stubble. Another cry left him as Will’s lubed digit slipped into his entrance and spread him open.

“Gotta make you ready for me”, Will purred against his balls.

Hannibal’s body convulsed once more with tremors as Will found the pleasure spot after a few thrusts with his fingers. Will found his greatest pleasure in seeing his former nemesis coming undone through his actions and so vulnerable.

“I’m going to cum”, Hannibal managed to get out just in time in a rough voice before he came with a loud and groaned “ *Fuck* ” on his lips, which caused Will’s eyebrows to jerk up in surprise and amusement.

Will took as much of his load in as he could but some stripes landed on the sheets. He licked the corner of his mouth clean then gathered up some drops of Hannibal’s semen from the head of his cock. Hannibal gazed at him with a very fond look on his face. The fondness in his eyes was reserved for Will. A purr escaped him. He sighed and stretched his limbs. “Thank you, Will. I will never forget our first time“, Hannibal said.

Will‘s eyes narrowed. “We’re not finished here yet. Or is your orgasm more important than mine?”

One or two painful, angry slaps to Hannibal’s thighs followed when he saw Hannibal‘s smirk.

Hannibal was pleased with Will’s assertiveness and temper. “No, you magnificent creature. Of course not“, he chuckled.

“There‘s nothing funny about that. Now turn around ”, Will ordered in a tone that sounded as if he wouldn’t tolerate anything else.

Hannibal obeyed his command once again and flipped his position until he lay on his belly, presenting his ass to Will.

“That’s right“, Will said in a soft voice. He spread Hannibal’s legs further , pulled him closer, and massaged the tempting, firm mounds of flesh with his hands, eliciting further moans from Hannibal.

Will stroked his cock until it was fully erect again, then brushed it against the entrance of Hannibal's ass a few times. Hannibal rocked his ass against Will's dick, frustrated that Will didn't fuck him right now.

"Tell me what you want, Hannibal", Will demanded.

He wanted Hannibal to utter these vulgar, obscene words. Humiliating Hannibal with ordering to say these debauched things gave Will a pleasant feeling.

But Hannibal blushed a little and mumbled something inaudible.

"Ohh, what a shy cannibal. I can't hear you. Should I get the knife again?" Will teased him. His lips twitched in amusement.

"Come on, I won't stay hard all the time."

"I want you to fuck me", he told Will in the most seductive and raspiest voice as possible.

Will didn't react at first. He waited for that important little word Hannibal wanted him to say when he visited him in prison a few years ago.

"Please."

That was all that Will needed. He pushed his cock into Hannibal's prepared entrance, eliciting a satisfied sigh from Hannibal.

"God, it feels so good", Will breathed as he became fully sheathed within Hannibal and moved gently at first before pounding more vigorously into him.

Hannibal answered with grunts. His own flaccid cock grew half-hard again as Will stimulated his prostate with abrupt, quick thrusts.

Will buried his nails into Hannibal's back, just where the Verger brand was and he left some scratch marks there. Despite cutting his initials into his back, possessiveness rushed through him again. Hannibal trembled and hissed softly as Will sank his nails into his scarred skin.

"Fuck me harder, Will", Hannibal pleaded him in a rough, raspy voice.

Will complied and gave everything. His thrusts got harder, faster, and rougher. His muscles ached from the unusual exertion but he kept on going . Sweat covered his back. Their bed made other suspicious noises and shook heavily as Will fucked him like a horny bitch.

Hannibal grunted in frustration and tilted his head over his shoulder as Will pulled out all of a sudden. Understanding Will's need to see him, he let himself be flipped on his back the second time. Will settled into the missionary position. Hannibal locked his legs around Will's hips. Will slammed his cock back in while keeping eye contact with Hannibal all the time. He needed to see Hannibal when he reached his climax.

Will cried when he came within Hannibal and he released his load of semen into him. His tears were unstoppable as this moment was too intense. Tears streamed down Hannibal's

face, too. They had consummated their love more intimately now. It was something Hannibal had never expected of him and yet, here they were. Will brushed his hand over Hannibal's face and wiped away a tear. Hannibal imitated the gesture and brushed away the salty drop from the corner of Will's eyes.

After two or three thrusts, Will's body stilled at last. Hannibal came a few times after Will. He painted the belly of Will with the few drops of his cum. Both men took deep breaths and kept gazing at each other. They drowned in each other's eyes. The post-coital bliss set in and oxytocin rushed through their bodies.

"My beloved", Hannibal sighed from below. "I love you so much."

Will smiled and looked euphoric. It was the same expression of happiness of the moment at the bluff after killing the dragon together. He kissed Hannibal on his eyelids, cheeks, and lips before pulling back and giving his nose a little nudge.

"I love you, too, Hannibal", he breathed back.

Hannibal purred and caressed Will's lower back and ass with his hands

Feeling his cock slacken, Will pulled out. Exhausted, he dropped to the right side of Hannibal and snuggled up to him. Hannibal took him into his arms and Will rested his head on his broad, sweaty chest.

Will glanced to the left and noticed the mess they made in their wrestling. Hannibal tilted his head lazily to the left as well. He sighed heavily as he looked at the shards of the plate and the Florentine eggs scattered on the floor. Drops of coffee and orange juice mingled and rippled down the edges of the nightstand.

Will's and Hannibal's stomach made a loud noise which indicated hunger.

"A shame that my efforts for breakfast had been in vain ", he complained to Will with indignation on his face. "That would have come in handy now. I would have loved to feed you in bed."

The latter let out a hearty laugh. "You just gave me a better kind of breakfast. But I will make up for it." A kiss to Hannibal's pouty mouth. "I promise."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!